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BE THANKFUL.

Praise ye the Lord ; for it is good to sing praises unto our God.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.

The Lord will bless his people with peace.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.

PEACE.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Send the glad tidings round the listening earth
That reason's reign begins, and war shall cease!
Wake the wide echoes with the voice of mirth,
The holy rapture of the song of peace!

The old, lost harmony of rhythmic spheres,
When all the morning stars together sung,
Floats back again, and lo! the circling years
Move to love's impulse as when time was young.

No more shall man make havoc of his kind,
Sowing disaster with a reeking brand;
No more shall war efface the godlike mind,
And pour its crimson fury o'er the land!

No more shall hate's immitigable plea,
No more shall envy's specious pretext rule;
Peace shall be taught beside the mother's knee,
The boy shall con the code of peace at school.

And light shall shine where darkness was before,
Plenty shall smile in Poverty's abode,
The desert waste shall yield a fruitful store,
And praise of war shall die in praise to God.

The old blind Past may keep her rusty hoard
Of torturous weapons made for mortal strife,—
The club, the battle-ax, the spear, the sword,
The treacherous bomb with devastation rife.

The old blind Past may sit and brood at ease
O'er the ensanguined trophies of her prime;
Trailing war's bloody banners o'er her knees,
Mumbling the battle runes of ancient time.

The present calls to action; lo! we come

With hearts and hands to serve the living need,—
Not with acclaim of bugle or of drum,

But calling each to each, "Good cheer! God speed!"

Our fathers toiled for freedom in the night,

Sounding the watchword "Tyranny shall cease!"

One task remains — to scale the farthest height
And plant the flag of liberty and peace.

Where is the nation brave enough to say,

"I have no need of sword or shield or gun;

I will disarm before the world this day;

I will stand free, though lonely, 'neath the sun!

"I fear no foe, since I am friend to all,

I fear no evil, since I wish no harm!

I will not keep my soldier sons in thrall;

They shall be slaves no more — let them disarm!"

That State will stand upon the heights of time

Foremost in honor, bravest of the brave;

Girded with glory, radiant, sublime,

This shall her title be, "The strong to save!"

While other nations boast of arms or art,

She, lone of earth shall stand, the truly great!

Brave in forbearance, loftiness of heart,—

The world shall see, in her, a Christian state.

Boast not your bravery, O ye fearful ones,

Ye trembling nations armed with coward steel,

Who hide yourselves behind your conscript sons,

And trample freedom with an iron heel!

Vaunt not your righteousness,—nor dare to call

Yourselves by His high name, the Prince of Peace,

The holy Christ of God, Who died for all

That love might reign and sin and sorrow cease.

My country! O my country! strong and free,

Dare thou the godlike deed that waits thy hand.

Within thy walls wed Peace to Liberty —

Say to thy soldier sons, disarm! disband!

Set thou the step for freedom's stately march,—

The Old World after thee shall fall in line.

Follow the pole star crowning heaven's high arch,

The Star of Peace with radiance divine.

"All men are equal!" graved in lines of light,

Through storm and stress this motto doth not fail;

All men are brothers! set thy virgin might

To prove man's brotherhood: thou shalt prevail.

Thou shalt prevail, my country, in the strength

Of Him who guides the spheres and lights the sun,—

And joy shall reign through all thy breadth and length,

And thou shalt hear the gracious voice, "Well done!"